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# THE BOOK OF The Pageant of Yankton

GARDEN TERRACE THEATRE

YANKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA

JUNE 14, 15 and 16. 1916

PRICE 35 Cents

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51

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The Pageant of  
Yankton

— BY —

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GARDEN TERRACE THEATRE

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AND  
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MAY - 1 1916

# THE PAGEANT OF YANKTON

THE ULTIMATE CITY

## The Arrival of the Yanktons

### FIRST EPISODE

#### CHARACTERS IN FIRST EPISODE

YOU-I-A-SAN (the Warrior)

WAKON-O-BIG-NAN (the Flying Medicine) } Yankton Scouts.

E-HANK-TON-WAN, the Presiding Spirit of the Locality.

MEDICINE MAN

HEAD CHIEF OF THE YANKTONS

Yankton Warriors, Women and Children: Dancers.

— : —

(The stage represents a glade at the foot of the bluffs of the Missouri River at Yankton. In the face of the bluff is the entrance to a cave. Enter, from the left, Wakon-o-big-nan and You-i-a-san.)

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Why further, You-i-a-san, need we fare?  
No lovelier land than this lies anywhere.  
Ahead the valley narrows, but at hand  
Mark how the broad woods cluster, band by band,  
And down the furrowed bluffs, whose summits lie,  
Plumed with the prairies, clean against the sky,  
The tall, straight trees, green-pennoned, steeply flow,  
Like warriors rushing to the plain below.  
No doubt that Wakontonka led us here.

*You-i-a-san.*

Wakon-o-big-nan, brother, you speak clear  
My own swift thoughts. Full many a moon has run  
Since first the Yankton's weary march begun.  
Buried by time like grass by winter's snow,  
Seem memories of the homes we used to know  
Among the Northern lakes, whose crystal sheen  
Give back the encircling forest's dusky green.  
Snug were our bark-thatched wigwams, where they stood,  
Furthest of all, against the virgin wood,  
Guarding the proud Dacotah's seven bands.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Aye; but the wild things vanished from our lands.  
Our bows, still true, could find no game to slay;  
We could but go when it was death to stay.

*You-i-a-san.*

Yet weary marches brought but troubled days  
 Far to the South. The warlike Ioways,  
 Seeing we sought their prairies, stood like men  
 And fought as fights the grizzly for its den.  
 No peace was there. So, turning to the West,  
 Still on the Yankton's toilsome march has pressed  
 Into these regions distant and unknown,  
 Our Teton kinsmen gave us for our own.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

But not its prairies, where the bison pass  
 Like shadows down the hills of waving grass,  
 Nor yet its valley, whose still waters flow  
 Beneath the willows, sinuous and slow,  
 Showed us a spot our tribe might call its home  
 While all the varying seasons go and come.  
 Yet now, at last, when seemed our search in vain,  
 Here, at the very end of that great plain  
 Whence winds the hushed Pewakpa, like a bride  
 To meet the brown Missouri's rushing tide,—  
 Here is the place we dreamed!

*You-i-a-san.*

These grassy vales  
 Will feed vast pony herds. Wild winter's gales  
 May howl unheeded on the camps that lie  
 Beneath these tree-trunks, towering toward the sky.  
 Beyond the bluffs, whose strong, encircling arms  
 Hold, like a lover, all the valley's charms,  
 The bison graze in myriads. At its feet  
 Whirl the Missouri's waters, wide and fleet.  
 Truly, Wakon-o-big-nan, till we tread  
 The Happy Hunting Grounds of warrior dead,  
 No fairer spot our eyes shall see. The track  
 Runs out and ceases. Let us hasten back  
 And tell our people here is joyful end  
 Of all the Yankton's toils.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

But first, my friend,  
 To Wakontonka give we thanks. This trail  
 He set our feet upon. Nor must we fail  
 To speak the Manitou whose spirit broods  
 Among these forest-templed solitudes.  
 (The two warriors raise their arms and faces and address the Deity.)

*You-i-a-san.*

Like the blown down of the milkweed  
We have drifted, Wakontonka.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Blown through lands of war and hunger  
Where we could not rest nor flourish.

*You-i-a-san.*

Now, at last, oh, Wakontonka,  
From the lands of war and hunger  
Thou hast led us to this valley;

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Led us to this sheltered valley,  
Where the waters from the prairies  
Laugh among the trees and grasses.

*You-i-a-san.*

We are grateful, Wakontonka!  
All thy children of the Yanktons  
Will rejoice and build thee altars  
In this land which thou hast shown us.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Here shall rise the smoke of fires,  
Smoke of sacrifice and worship;  
Prayers that evermore thy people  
In this place may dwell secure.

*You-i-a-san.*

Grant that always on the prairies  
Shall the bison herds be plenty;  
Grant that in our skin-built tepees  
Shall be food and warmth each winter.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Till our spirit doctors praise thee  
With their mystic incantations,  
Thus we praise thee, Wakonlonka,  
For our people of the Yanktons;  
Thus we pray thee for the future,  
We, thy children, Wakontonka!

(Their invocation concluded, You-i-a-san, glancing about with superstitious uneasiness, turns to Wakon-o-big-nan.)

*You-i-a-san.*

Your medicine is strongest. Therefore, you  
 Invoke this valleys' lurking Manitou,  
 Lest our intrusion stir his latent wrath  
 To loose his evil spirits on our path,  
 Stampede the bison, slay the colt new-born,  
 Beat down with driven hail our growing corn  
 And thus undo us.

(While You-i-a-san is speaking, the spirit of E-hank-ton-wan appears at the entrance of the cave above the Indians and stands looking at them. Wakon-o-big-nan discovers her.)

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Look! On yonder hill,  
 The Manitou! She moves. She speaks. Be still!  
 (The Indians prostrate themselves.)

*E-hank-ton-wan.*

No dream it was, that voice of men  
 It seemed but now I heard,  
 Which mingled with the river's song,  
 The lilting of the bird.

Once more the feet of human kind  
 Have found my sylvan gate,—  
 But have they come, the kingly ones,  
 For whom my secrets wait?

Ah, no! These trembling, bronze-skinned folk,  
 Untutored, groping, blind,  
 Can never sow the seeds of hope  
 That blossom in the mind!

These are the kin of those who came  
 To build, and dwell, and pass,  
 Whose crumbling earthworks long ago  
 Were knitted o'er with grass.

They have not trod the sunset trail  
 Whose long leagues lead to me,—  
 They cannot vision on these hills  
 The city here to be.

I weary. In my cloistered glades  
 So long I wait, so long,  
 To greet the dreamers of my dream,  
 The singers of my song!

I weary of the bronze-skinned folk;  
 Like leaves upon the wind  
 They swirl along the stream of years  
 And leave no trace behind.

Yet,—now their age leans to its close;  
 The East grows pale with dawn; .  
 Fond romance round their names will cling  
 When all their tribes are gone.

While still the earth is theirs to roam  
 And here they wish to live,  
 The simple joys they seek of me  
 I will not grudge to give.

(She stretches out her hands to the two Indians, who slowly and wonderingly arise and contemplate her, and then the scene which follows. As she proceeds, a group of her attendants, the spirits of Plenty, come out from the stage entrances and, advancing down stage, dance before the Indians.)

Good hunting! On yon wind-swept plains  
 The bison range at will;  
 The elk and bounding antelope  
 Await the hunters' skill.

Good fishing! Past my forest walls  
 The swift Missouri sweeps,  
 Where trap and spear find finny spoil  
 Among the clouded deeps.

Good cheer beneath my lacing boughs!  
 When winter blizzards blow  
 Warm may the circled tepees be,  
 Bright may the camp-fires glow!

May earth yield fruitage for your store;  
 Soft be your skies and blue!  
 My children of the dusk of dawn,  
 Hail!— And fare well to you!

(E-hank-ton-wan withdraws into the cave. The spirits of Plenty conclude their dance and take the background as another group of E-hank-ton-wan's attendants, the spirits of Shelter, come out from the stage entrances and dance down stage. Both groups join in a final measure, then withdraw through stage exits. The two Indians look at one another with bewilderment which changes to exultation.)

*You-i-a-san.*

Have I but dreamed? Did you, too, see and hear?

## THE PAGEANT OF YANKTON

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

I saw. I heard. The Manitou spoke clear  
Her welcome to our tribe.

*You-i-a-san.*

And those, her sprites,  
Danced us the sign talk of untold delights.

*Wakon-o-big-nan.*

Yoi-he! Yoi-he! Across the cloud scud white  
The moon will sail her swift canoe tonight  
And laugh to see the wanderers of the plain  
Snug in the tepees of a home again!  
Come, speed, to where their toilsome march they wend  
And show them this new Village at the End!

(The Indians exit left at a run. For a moment the stage is empty, then Indian music is heard, increasing in volume as the Yankton Indians, winding down through the trees at the left, come straggling on by the left entrance. They are led by the Head Chief, who is guided by You-i-a-san and Wakon-o-big-nan. The body of the Indians come on singly and in groups, the men carrying merely their weapons, the women bearing bundles or dragging travois loaded with household goods, cooking utensils and the material for tepees. All show evidences of weariness but as they reach the stage and look about, their spirits revive and they joyously set up their tepees. Some of the women gather branches and faggots and start fires before the tepees. The young men with their bows and arrows and lances gather down center, awaiting the Medicine Man. He finally emerges from his tepee, grotesquely attired, and, shaking his rattle, advances down center. The Indians cluster about, watching him.)

*Medicine Man.*

We hunger, friends. Our bellies, long denied,  
These many moons for plenteous meat have cried.  
But Wakontonka now has led our bands  
Among the bison's choicest grazing lands.  
Need famine keep us lean of limb and face?  
Out, brawny hunters! To the chase, the chase!

(Howling approval, the young men begin circling in the Buffalo Dance, while other warriors, squatting around the circle, accompany the dance with the sound of tom-toms, whistles and rattles. The Medicine Man, shaking his rattle, silently invokes the Great Spirit. Presently certain dancers burst into the following song, the remaining Indians joining in the refrain.)

"Song of the Hunter"—Music by Leslie R. Putnam.

*First Hunter.*

My horse is swift as a buck in spring.  
Yah-hoo!  
But my horse can run!  
He takes the hills like a bird on wing  
And the bison flee when his hoof-beats ring.

(Refrain.)  
 Yah-hoo!  
 But his horse can run!

*Second Hunter.*

My bow shoots straight as a wolf can leap.  
 Yah-hoo!  
 But my bow shoots true!  
 It buries its arrows feather-deep  
 And the bison sinks in a crumpled heap.

(Refrain.)  
 Yah-hoo!  
 But his bow shoots true!

*Third Hunter.*

My knife cuts deep as the stinging sleet.  
 Yah-hoo!  
 But my knife is keen!  
 It flays the hide from the smoking meat  
 And carves the flesh that the tribe shall eat.

(Refrain.)  
 Yah-hoo!  
 But his knife is keen!

(With a final burst of leaps and yells, the young warriors rush off through the right wing exit. The Medicine Man stalks into his tepee, the remaining warriors lounge or mend their weapons at the tepee doors; the women take up their household duties, cooking or dressing skins, the children play about the camp. Then again the Medicine Man appears, walks down stage, observing the sky and the surrounding landscape, and beckons to the women, who gather around him.)

*Medicine Man.*

The spring is here. Long since, in warm, still nights,  
 The wild geese southward winged their arrow flights;  
 The snow its white robes folded from the hills  
 And ran with gurgling laughter down the rills.  
 The marshland frogs are loud when day is done,  
 The chickens' drumming, greets the rising sun.  
 'Tis time the good corn find its second birth.  
 Take you your hoes and mellow up the earth  
 And plant the seed, that, when the harvest nears,  
 We feast to surfeit on the young, green ears  
 And still have left, when winter comes again,  
 Enough in plenty of the garnered grain.

(Getting their hoes and ears of corn from their tepees, the women troop off by the stage exits, laughing and chattering. One of the buffalo hunters runs in at right wing entrance in excitement and alarm. He is followed by several others. The people of the camp hastily gather around them.)

*Hunter.*

A foe! The Pawnees struck us on the plain  
 While we were dressing bison we had slain.  
 They thought to rout us, but we gave them fight  
 And drove their blustering braves in headlong flight.

*Head Chief.*

To arms! The peaceful Yanktons seek no strife,  
 Yet coward blows we answer with the knife.  
 To horse! Though we pursue the Pawnee bands  
 Beyond the Niobrara's desert sands.

(The Head Chief and all the warriors rush to their tepees and secure their arms, and the women build up the fires. Gathering about the Medicine Man, who engages in mystic incantations, the warriors execute the Ha-kon-e-erase, or Eagle Dance, a part of the War Dance, accompanied by tom-toms, rattles and whistles. As they dance they chant the following song.)

"Eagle Song."—Music by Arthur Taylor.

*Warriors.*

We are birds of prey;  
 Yea, lordly eagles of war.  
 Where the torn clouds play  
 We wheel on our wings and we soar.

Far beneath, our foe,  
 Slow creeping; seeking our track,  
 Does not see nor know  
 That soon we will swoop on his back.

Though the wind is strong  
 We breast it, eagles in flight,  
 And it bears us along,  
 Like arrows, to plunge in the fight.

(With a whoop, all the warriors but three or four, led by the Head Chief, rush off through right wing exit. The Medicine Man and the remaining warriors return to their tepees, and the women and children resume their previous occupations. Presently the Medicine Man again emerges and advances down stage, the women gathering around him.)

*Medicine Man.*

The sun, the cloud, the wind, the trailing rain,  
 By turns have nursed the tender, growing grain  
 Until the little stalks a hand might hide  
 Stand, like young warriors, tasselled in their pride.  
 Women, whose right it is to tend the corn  
 E'en as you tend the children you have borne,  
 Bring ears to show if yet the fecund soil  
 Rewards with ripeness all your faithful toil.

(Several women go out by the stage exits and return with ears of unhusked green corn. The Medicine Man examines each ear with deliberation and much mystery, then addresses the camp triumphantly.)

*Medicine Man.*

Ye Yanktons, still to Wakontonka dear,  
 Make merry and rejoice! The feast is here!  
 Let pots be swung. Heap up the fires high  
 Until the whirling sparks leap toward the sky!  
 Fetch now the ears; the best that can be found,  
 Heavy with kernels, lolling toward the ground;  
 And stalks like spears, all feathered forth with leaves,  
 To grace the Green Corn Dancee with festal sheaves!

(With laughter and cries of glee some of the women and children go off through stage exits to bring the ears and the stalks, while others, under direction of the Medicine Man, build a fire down the center of the stage, erect a tripod of poles over it and suspend thereon an earthenware kettle. The warriors, returning from the pursuit of the Pawnees, begin straggling in. Ears of corn are placed in the kettle, boiled, then burned on a low scaffold over the fire as a sacrifice to Wakontonka. The kettle is now filled with green ears by the Medicine Man and while they are boiling, the men, in an inner circle around the fire and the Medicine Man, the women and children in an outer circle, each one bearing a corn stalk, perform the Green Corn Dance, singing the following songs.)

(Song of the Green Corn. Music by Anna Gordon.)

*The Yanktons.*

The young corn,  
 The young corn,  
 It ripples in the sun  
 And down its aisles of dancing green  
 The swift cloud shadows run.  
 Above its ranks each tassel nods  
 Its proudly bending crest  
 Like bonnets of a warrior band  
 Against the crimson West.

The green corn,  
 The green corn,  
 Its burnished leaves a-sway  
 Hold gossip with the vagrant breeze  
 That blows from far away.  
 They gossip of the swelling ears  
 Whose cups of fragrant milk  
 Are hidden by their sheltering shade  
 In baskets sewed with silk.

The good corn,  
The good corn,  
It gives us of its cheer.  
To make the summer feast time  
Most joyous of the year,  
And when the snows are drifting,  
Its white and purple seed  
Holds hunger from the lonesome camps,  
Through winter's days of need.

(At the conclusion of the song, the dance ceases and everyone crowds around the kettle and helps himself. Eating to surfeit, they enter the tepees or lie down on the ground near the smouldering fires and go to sleep. One young warrior sleeps near the top of the left stage steps.)

*SECOND EPISODE.*

## SCENE 1.

## The Coming of the First White Man, 1780

## CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1.

PIERRE DURION, SR., First White Settler of Dakota.

A YANKTON WARRIOR.

HEAD CHIEF OF THE YANKTONS.

HEE-LAH-DEE, daughter of the Head Chief.

E-HANK-TON-WAN.

Yankton Warriors, Women and Children: Dancers.

(Enter from the left, Pierre Durion, Sr. He pauses at the top of the steps, looking over the sleeping camp, then advances to the nearest warrior and contemplates him musingly).

*Durion.*

An Indian camp beneath this hillside wall.

I know them not, and yet, I know them all.

A hive of bees which sleeps through golden hours

While summer floods the fields with honeyed flowers;

A droning hive, which, drunk with one sweet draught,

Cares nothing when another may be quaffed!

(He touches the sleeping warrior with his foot. The Indian starts up, then, at sight of the strange white man, sinks back on his elbow, transfixed with superstitious awe.)

*Warrior.*

A spirit from the clouds! A Manitou!

*Durion.*

No spirit, friend. A man of flesh, like you,

But come from camps full many a march from here.

Pray, lead me to your chief and have no fear.

(The warrior conducts him to the tepee of the Head Chief and arouses the latter, who comes forth.)

*Warrior.*

Oh, chief, I bring a stranger from afar,

White-skinned, with face all shining, like a star.

(The Head Chief, startled and curious, but with dignified courtesy, advances and greets Durion.)

*Chief.*

Welcome, tall paleface from the distant East.

Rest in our sheltered camp and share our feast.

*Durion.*

I give you thanks. With wandering I am spent.  
Here I will rest, as in a brother's tent.

(They seat themselves before the tepee of the chief, who fills and lights his pipe and passes it to Durion. While they smoke and talk, the other Indians awaken and gather in groups, whispering and looking curiously at Durion and his musket.)

*Durion.*

Have you no white man ever seen before?

*Chief.*

You are the first. But where we lived of yore,  
Among the lakes, strange tales we used to know  
Of palefaced men who traded with our foe,  
The Chippeways, for furs and skins of game.  
Giving them sticks that thundered and spat flame  
And killed our braves with spiteful little stones  
Which tore the flesh and broke the stoutest bones.

*Durion.*

You are Dacotahs, then? The name I knew.  
In Chippeway 'tis called Naduwesioux?

*Chief.*

We are Dacotahs. Ours the Yankton band,  
Whose village at the end was wont to stand.  
Come you from that far fort where traders wait,  
At Mackinac, beside the narrow strait?

*Durion.*

I come, great chief, from yet more distant lands,  
Further than Mackinac's hard-pebbled sands;  
Beyond Niagara, where, with gathered might,  
The waters of the lakes, in headlong flight,  
Leap from the cliff's against the canon's floor  
With thunders that outcrash the tempest's roar.  
I come from lands where white men's towns, in scores  
Dot the Saint Lawrence' low and meadowed shores.  
The great salt sea, whose waters rise and fall,  
Lies there, and big canoes with white sails tall  
Ride in from far beyond its restless waves,  
Deep with the goods the wandering Indian craves.

*Chief.*

Can you, then, sell us white men's goods?

*Durion.*

Not I. A hunter of the plains and woods  
 I range the wild, content if I may find  
 Clothing and food; the rest is peace of mind.  
 I crave the new-found river's welcoming hymn,  
 The lift of hills, beyond whose purple rim  
 Lie valleys never seen of white men's eyes.  
 I crave the prairies, o'er whose midnight skies  
 The slow stars weave their tapestries of light;  
 The aisles of winter forests, hushed and white  
 In sifting snows. I crave the smoky gleam  
 Of Indian camp-fires by some sheltered stream,  
 And all the ties that knit in brotherhood  
 Red men and white, through Nature's motherhood.

*Chief.*

White hunter, these are words that reach my heart  
 And teach me yours. Pray, do not depart  
 But bide with us.

*Durion.*

Nay, friend. My heart still seeks  
 The morning light on yet unvisioned peaks.  
 The youth of France is hot. Her sun that shines  
 Between the Rhine and Rhone on terraced vines,  
 Has burned his blood with vagrancy's desire  
 As it has burned her grapes with purple fire.  
 Across uncharted realms her hunters go,  
 Keen, not with zeal to conquer, but to know.  
 As friends they greet the red man, eye to eye,  
 To smoke, to talk, to eat, and then pass by.  
 Nothing but love, the Frenchman's guiding star,  
 Can stay his feet from wanderings wide and far.  
 It may be 'tis the flashing of her smile  
 That leads him ever onward, mile by mile,  
 Groping yet eager, over unknown ground.  
 But far to seek and often never found,  
 Is love.

*Chief.*

Perhaps the love you seek is here.

*Durion.*

Would that she were! I've sought her far and near,  
 But sought in vain.

(The Chief turns to his tepee and beckons to one within. Hee-lah-dee emerges and Durion regards her with instant admiration.)

*Durion.*

I dream! Else dreams come true  
 In fairer visions than my dreaming knew.  
 Oh, chief, who is this maiden, sweet and tall  
 As bronzen hollyhock beside the wall  
 Of my old mother's garden, far in France?

*Chief.*

She is my daughter.

*Durion.*

'Tis a heaven-sent chance!  
 The maid is passing fair. I ask her hand.  
 Here with the Yanktons, having her for bride,  
 Fain would I end my wanderings and abide.

*Chief.*

Woo thou the maiden. Ask her not of me.  
 Hers is her life and hers the choice must be.  
 But, if she find you good, I shall rejoice  
 And all the Yankton tribe will praise her choice.  
 (Durion leads Hee-lah-dee down stage, while the Chief and other Indians retire to camp.)

*Durion.*

Sweet maid, last night upon a sandbar's breast,  
 Haunted with bony snags, I took my rest.  
 I watched the flowing tints of sunset's dyes  
 Paint with their splendors all the western skies,  
 Nor dreamed so soon one maiden's eyes, for me  
 Would hold more beauties than the sunset sea.  
 Give me your heart and happiness to hold;  
 Them will I treasure more than garnered gold.  
 The secret joy to which my soul aspired  
 Here in the wild, nor knew what it desired,  
 Lies now revealed in your averted cheek  
 And heaving bosom. Maiden, pray thee, speak.

*Hee-lah-dee.*

You woo full swiftly, as a strong man should,  
 Yet as no Indian warrior ever woo'd.  
 Oh, white man, to my race you bring a strange,  
 Chill portent of impending grief and change;  
 But, come what may, my heart with rapture cries  
 Because you look on me with lover's eyes.  
 Take me; without you I shall know no rest.  
 Hold me, a prairie blossom, on your breast.

*Durion.*

Sweet hope fulfilled! Desire's budding hour  
Sudden expands to love's eternal flower.  
The clouds, the hazy hills are etched with dreams  
Rosy as sunrise. All the little streams  
Seem banked with bloom and plushed with tender grass  
Whereon fond lovers' loitering feet may pass,  
And nature is by smiling spirits blest.  
To grace the wedding of the East and West.

(Embracing, Durion and Hee-lah-dee turn to re-enter the camp when the spirit of E-hank-ton-wan appears in the mouth of the cave. They stop, looking at her.)

*E-hank-ton-wan.*

Aye, sturdy wanderer of the wild;  
That here thou may'st abide  
The spirit of E-hank-ton-wan  
Hath given thee a bride.

Thou searcher of the purple hills  
Seeking the unblazed way;  
Thou voice across the wilderness  
Crying the risen day,

Thy dauntless hand has grasped the veil  
Which hides the years to be;  
Thy voice has roused the sleeping soul  
Or dormant destiny!

Like trailing mists the dead years fade  
And faint, by far winds borne,  
The whisper of the coming hosts  
Sweeps up the slopes of morn.

Oh, youth, the fates conspired thy birth;  
Blest are thy ways, oh, maid;  
Through thee I see my city rise,  
On thee its hopes are stayed.

(E-hank-ton-wan retires within her cave as a group of her attendants, the spirits of Exploration, come in at the stage entrances and begin their dance down stage. While it is in progress, the Indians gradually appear again in the camp and are all once more in evidence at its conclusion. Durion and Hee-lah-dee watch the dance for a moment, then retire into the camp where Durion parts with the Indian maiden and exits. The spirits of Exploration retire by the stage exits.)

*SECOND EPISODE.*

## SCENE 2.

The Arrival of Lewis and Clark at Yankton, August 29, 1804

## CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

PIERRE DURION, SR., the guide of Lewis and Clark.

PIERRE DURION, JR.

HEE-LAH-DEE, wife of Pierre Durion, Sr.

WE-U-CHA (SHAKE HAND), Head Chief of the Yanktons.

MAH-TO-RE, (THE WHITE CRANE).

PAW-NAW-NE-AH-PAH-BE (STRUCK BY THE PAWNEE) (Sub-Chiefs of

A-WE-A-WE-CHA-CHE (HALF MAN). ) the Yanktons

CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS, U. S. A.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK, U. S. A.

SERGEANT JOHN ORDWAY, U. S. A.

SERGEANT NATHANIEL PRYOR, U. S. A.

Soldiers, Frontiersmen and Voyageurs of the Lewis and Clark party; Yankton Warriors, Women and Children.

(Coming down through the trees, the Lewis and Clark party enter from the left in straggling procession. Captain Lewis and Captain Clark are in the lead, guided by Pierre Durion, Sr. Most of their followers are armed with muskets, knives, etc., while some carry canoe paddles and others packs of goods. As the party approaches the left side of the stage, the Indians gather excitedly at its right side, in front of their village. When Lewis and Clark with their guide mount the left steps, Pierre Durion, Jr., runs forward from among the Indians, followed by his mother, and greets the elder Durion.)

*Durion, Jr.*

Father! Welcome home!

*Durion, Sr.*

My son! It is joy to be with the Yanktons again.

(Hee-lah-dee comes forward and embraces her husband, the elder Durion.)

My beloved wife! Is all well with you?

*Hee-lah-dee.*

All is well. These many moons I have been lonely for you.

*Durion, Jr.*

Yesterday, father, I met you and the American captains at the mouth of the River au Jaque. I told you that at Green Island, across the Missouri from the Yankton village, our people would council with the great father's two sons. This is the place. Our people are here to meet them.

*Durion, Sr.*

(*Conducting Lewis and Clark to the Yankton chiefs, who have come down stage.*) My brothers, these are the sons of our new great father. They are come in friendship to tell us of his wishes and aims toward us. (*To the officers, introducing the chiefs,*) We-u-cha, head chief of the Yanktons.

*We-u-cha.*

How, koda. (Greetings, friend.)

*Durion, Sr.*

Mah-to-ree. Paw-naw-ne-ah-pah-be. A-we-a-we-cha-che.

(Introductions over, We-u-cha indicates to his subordinate chiefs, to the captains and to the Durions that they shall sit in council circle. As they comply, some warriors outside the circle begin shaking their rattles. We-u-cha produces a calumet pipe, fills, lights and smokes it, then passes it to Capt. Lewis, next to him. The pipe is passed round the circle, each one taking a whiff. When it has returned to We-u-cha, he signifies to the white men that they may speak. Captain Lewis rises.)

*Lewis.*

My brothers, we are come by a long journey to bring you messages and presents from your new great father. He is named Thomas Jefferson. He is the head chief of a mighty nation of white men called the United States of America. The warriors of our nation are beyond counting; like grasshoppers in number. Thomas Jefferson has now bartered from Napoleon Bonaparte, the great chief of the French, the rights which the French and the Spanish held over your country. (*He pauses and speaks to Durion, Sr.*) Pierre, can't you make those pestiferous fellows stop shaking their rattles? (*Durion, Sr., goes to the warriors in question and induces them to stop. Lewis proceeds with his speech.*) You must take no more medals or presents from the Spanish or the British, but only from the Americans, who in future will care for your rights and protect you from your enemies.

(*Lewis turns to his party.*) Sergeant Pryor, bring forward the flag. (*Pryor brings forward a United States flag on a staff and plants the latter in the ground beside Lewis, then retires to his party. Lewis touches the flag.*)

This is the flag of the American nation, to which you now owe loyalty. Now I will give you the presents your great father has sent to show his love for you. (*He turns again to his party.*) Sergeant Ordway, have you the presents ready to distribute?

*Ordway.*

(*Coming forward with presents.*) Here they are, sir, all arranged.

*Lewis.*

(Approaching We-u-cha, who rises.) For the head chief, We-u-cha, here is a flag of his new country, the United States; a fine medal from the great father; a certificate; and a string of wampum. Also a coat of the American army; and a hat with a red feather, very becoming for a great chief.

(As Lewis hangs the string carrying the medal over We-u-cha's neck and hands him the other presents, the chief examines each with growing delight. Then he puts on the coat and hat, throws the flag over his shoulders, sticks the certificate in his pipe bowl and parades before his admiring tribe.)

*Clark.*

(Distributing other presents.) A medal and a coat and tobacco for Mah-to-rec. A medal and a hat and tobacco for Paw-naw-neah-pah-be. A medal and a cape and tobacco for A-we-a-we-cha-che.,

(The lesser chiefs imitate We-u-cha and parade before their people. Amid general merriment, Sergeants Ordway and Pryor distribute knives, tobacco and beads among the warriors and women. In a moment, We-u-cha, resuming his dignity, returns to his seat in the council circle, followed by the other chiefs, Lewis and Clark and the Durions. We-u-cha rises.)

*We-u-cha.*

I see before me my great father's two sons. You see me and the rest of our chiefs and warriors. I went formerly to the English and they gave me a medal and some clothes. When I went to the Spanish, they gave me a medal, but nothing to keep it from my skin. Now you give me a medal and clothes. But still we are poor and I wish, brothers, you would give us something for our squaws.

(We-u-cha takes his seat and Mah-to-ree rises.)

*Mah-to-ree.*

I have listened to what our father's words were and I am glad to see how you have dressed our old chief. My fathers have made me a chief. I had much sense before, but now I think I have more than ever. I will confirm and do whatever our old chief and you please.

(Mah-to-ree takes his seat and Paw-naw-ne-ah-pah-be rises.)

*Paw-naw-ne-ah-pah-be.*

I am a young man and know but little. I cannot speak well. But I have listened to what you have told the old chief and will do whatever you agree.

(Paw-naw-ne-ah-pah-be takes his seat. Then We-u-cha rises, followed by the others, and all shake hands, the captains mingling with the chiefs, their party with the warriors. Presently Durion, Sr., draws Captain Lewis down stage.)

*Durion, Sr.*

I am told, sir, that one of our Yankton women has given birth to a son. Would it be well that the mother should have a present? (Lewis calls Clark, who comes down stage.)

*Lewis.*

Here is a chance to make an impression on these Yanktons. Old Durion tells me that one of their women has given birth to a son. Let us send the mother an American flag.

*Clark.*

Or, perhaps better, let us send for the child and wrap him in a flag. That will seem "big medicine" to the Indians.

*Lewis.*

(Slapping Clark on the shoulder.) Capital, old man! That is precisely what we will do. (He turns to Durion, Sr.) Let the mother bring her child to us here.

(Durion goes to a tepee and leads forth an Indian woman carrying a baby. She is accompanied by her warrior husband. Durion, Sr., conducts them to the captains, who have, meantime, secured a flag from one of the packs. The Indians and the men of the exploring party gather about the group. Clark essays to take the baby in his arms, but Lewis laughingly interferes.)

*Lewis.*

No, I'll hold the baby and you do the honors. I'm not much up on this sort of thing.

(Lewis takes the infant and Clark ostentatiously wraps the flag about it, then addresses the Indians.)

*Clark.*

People of the Yanktons, by the act of robing this child in the beautiful flag of his new country, we make him a good and loyal American. I prophecy that this little boy will grow to be a great chief, a brave and wise leader of his people, and a true friend of his brothers, the Americans. May the blessing of the Great Spirit rest upon him.

(Lewis returns the child to its mother, who promptly passes it to her husband and, seizing Lewis, begins dancing with him. The other squaws rush to the other white men and force them to dance and for a moment there is a hubbub of merriment. Then Lewis and Clark disengage themselves and wave their followers back. The Indians, except the chiefs, retire toward their tepees. Lewis and Clark meet We-u-cha down stage.)

*Lewis.*

We could wish to stay longer with you, but we must press on to the great sea beyond the Shining Mountains. No doubt white traders will soon follow our trail and bring you goods such as you have long wished. Fare you well, Yanktons.

(The chiefs and the captains shake hands cordially, as do the captains and the Durions, who remain with the Indians. The Lewis and Clark party gather up their packs and, headed by the officers, go off in straggling procession through the right wing exit, the Indians waving farewell. The Durions disappear through a stage exit. The Indian village resumes its routine appearance.)

### SECOND EPISODE.

#### SCENE 3.

Founding of Frost, Todd & Co.'s Post at Yankton, June, 1858

#### CHARACTERS IN SCENE 3.

CAPTAIN DANIEL M. FROST,      } Fur traders and ex-United

CAPTAIN JAMES B. S. TODD      } States Army Officers.

STRIKE-THE-REE, Head Chief of the Yanktons.

GEORGE D. FISKE, the factor of the Yankton Post.

JAMES M. STONE, an employee of the fur company.

AN OLD WARRIOR.

ANOTHER WARRIOR.

A YOUNG WARRIOR.

A YANKTON GIRL.

Employees of the fur company; Yankton Warriors, Women and Children.

(Captain Frost and Captain Todd, followed by Fiske, Stone and several frontiersmen in their employ, enter at the left. Frost and Todd ascend the left balcony and look over the Indian village and its surroundings. Their followers pause at the front of the balcony. The white men are not at first discovered by the Indians.)

*Frost.*

This is the place, Captain Todd, to which I have frequently referred. It strikes me we should build here one of our principle trading posts.

*Todd.*

Yes, I know this place. It is the village of the Yankton Indians under chief Strike-the-Ree.

*Frost.*

Precisely. It is a good point for trade.

(An Indian boy, coming, in his play, near the left steps, sees the white men and runs back into the camp, excitedly. Strike-the-Ree comes from his tepee, looks over to white men and walks toward left steps.)

*Todd.*

And an ideal location for a townsite. Look at the country; circled by hills, natural drainage, fine river front, rich soil. This country is sure to be opened for settlement in a short time.

*Frost.*

Very true. (*Seeing Strike-the-Ree.*) Here comes the old chief now. We will see how he takes to the idea of our establishing a post here.

(Frost and Todd descend from the balcony, cross to steps, followed by their men, and greet the Indian chief. The Yanktons gather before their camp.)

*Frost.*

Chief Strike-the-Ree, my partner, Captain Todd, and I, wish to erect a trading post here by your village.

*Strike-the-Ree.*

You will be welcome. It will be pleasing to me and my band.

*Todd.*

And to the rest of the Yankton tribe?

*Strike-the-Ree.*

I cannot talk for Chief Smutty Bear. But even when I was a baby, I was made an American by the great father's brave sons, Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. So I am loyal to the Americans and I keep my people loyal.

*Frost.*

Are Smutty Bear's young men likely to make trouble for a post located here?

*Strike-the Ree.*

Not here. I and my people will protect it from them.

*Frost.*

Captain Todd, we had better consult with the chief as to the exact location for the fort. Mr. Fiske, you know you are to become the factor of the post among the Yanktons.

*Fiske.*

Very good, Captain Frost. I am ready to begin the construction of a building and to commence trading.

*Strike-the-Ree.*

My people would barter for some needed articles at once, if the white men are ready.

*Frost.*

Any time. Fiske, attend to them while Captain Todd and I talk with Strike-the-Ree.

(Frost, Todd and Strike-the-Ree retire up stage while the Indians of the camp crowd around Fiske and the other white men, who produce some trading goods from their packs.)

*An Old Warrior.*

(*Showing some robes.*) Six buffalo robes like this. Three year bulls; very soft, very fine. I want powder and ball.

*Fiske.*

(*Examining robes.*) A hornful of powder and twenty balls for the six robes.

*Old Warrior.*

O-yah! Thief! Robber! I part with them only for six horns full of powder and six times twenty balls.

*Fiske.*

You have the brain of a weazel to think such a thing. Stand aside and let the next come.

*Another Warrior.*

(*Pushing the first aside.*) I have for trade four red fox skins, thirteen beaver pelts and nineteen buffalo robes. I want fire-water for them all; much fire water.

*Fiske.*

You get no firewater till the rest of the trading is done. Next!

*A Young Warrior.*

(*Accompanied by an Indian girl, who is tittering bashfully.*) Ten brass bangles and two round looking glasses.

*Fiske.*

What skins have you?

*Young Warrior.*

An antelope skin and two buffalo robes.

*Fiske.*

(*Examines skins.*) The bangles and mirrors are worth these and one more antelope skin.

*Young Warrior.*

(*Turning away.*) It is too much. (*Looks at the girl, who is plainly disappointed, then throws down the skins demanded.*) Well, I will take them. (*Fiske hands him the bangles and mirrors. He retires with the girl and assists her in putting on the adornments.*)

*The Old Warrior.*

(Returning.) I will give my robes for three horns of powder and sixty balls.

*Fiske.*

You trouble me so much that, to be rid of you, I will give you one and a half horns of powder and thirty balls. It is my last word.

*Old Warrior.*

It is very bad. It is very little. But, if I must— (*He gives the robes and receives the powder and balls.*)

(Frost, Todd and Strike-the-Ree come down stage.)

*Todd.*

It is settled, George, that you are to build the cabin on the bank of the Missouri under the big cottonwood trees just above where the steamer is moored today. You'll have to quit trading now and come back to the boat with us.

*Fiske.*

All right, Captain, I'll be right along. (*To the Indians.*) No more trade today. Come to the new fort tomorrow. (*Fiske and his men pick up their packs and robes and follow Frost and Todd.*)

*Frost.*

(*Shaking hands with Strike-the-Ree.*) Good-bye, Strike-the-Ree. May the Yanktons and the new trading post get on famously together!

*Strike-the-Ree.*

How, koda!

(Exit the white men through the right wing.)

*SECOND EPISODE.*

## SCENE 4.

## Negotiation of Treaty for Cession of Yankton Lands, 1858

(This scene epitomizes events extending over a period  
of about two years.)

## CHARACTERS IN SCENE 4.

**STRIKE-THE-REE.**

**SMUTTY BEAR**, Chief of a Band of Yanktons.

**CAPTAIN JAMES B. S. TODD.**

**CHARLES PICOTTE**, an educated half-breed.

**W. P. LYMAN,**

**ZEPHYR RENCONTRE,** } Frontier Characters.

**THEOPHILE BRUGHIER.**

Yankton Sub-Chiefs, Warriors, Women and Children.

(Strike-the-Ree and three of his sub-chiefs assemble before Strike-the-Ree's tepee. Smutty Bear and three of his warriors enter at the right wing and approach the tepee. In front of it they exchange greetings wth Strike-the-Ree and his party.)

*Strike-the-Ree.*

Smutty Bear, it is by the wish of Captain Todd, the trader, that I have sent for you and the other chiefs of the Yanktons. He has summoned us to a council. He says the great father has asked him to meet us for a big talk.

*Smutty Bear.*

Of what is it that he wishes to talk?

*Strike-the-Ree.*

He told me nothing more.

*Smutty Bear.*

I like it not, Strike-the-Ree. Never do the white men mean good to the Indians when they call a council. They have something to gain; we, something to lose.

(Todd, followed by Lyman, Rencontre and Brughier, enter at the left).

*Strike-the-Ree.*

We shall soon know. Captain Todd comes.

(The Indians and white men exchange greetings, then seat themselves in a council circle down stage. Captain Todd rises.)

*Todd.*

Strike-the-Ree, Smutty Bear, and other chiefs of the Yanktons, I come charged by the great father at Washington to enter into talk with you regarding the sale of some of your lands to the United States government.

*Strike-the-Ree.*

The sale of some of our lands? What lands does the great father wish to buy?

*Todd.*

The lands lying between the Big Sioux River on the east, the Missouri River on the south and west, and the East Medicine Knoll, the Snake and the James Rivers and Lake Kampeska on the north.

*Smutty Bear.*

(*Springing to his feet.*) What is this you dare to ask? These are all the lands that the Yanktons possess!

*Todd.*

The government will pay liberally for them and will set aside a reservation for the Yanktons.

*Smutty Bear.*

We will not part with them at any price! The white men seek to drive the Indians from the face of the earth. I and my people will fight to the death, but we will not sell our lands!

*Strike-the-Ree.*

The white men are many as the leaves of the forest, Smutty Bear. We might fight them, but we should only lose in the end.

*Smutty Bear.*

Still, we will not give up everything and be driven like bison from our prairies.

*Strike-the-Ree.*

The government may pay a fair price, which will keep us from future want. (*To Todd.*) But this is too great a matter to be settled in a moment. We must have time to consult among ourselves.

(The chiefs all rise and go up stage, where they talk together. They dispatch one of the lesser chiefs, who goes out right stage exit. The rest return to the white men.)

*Strike-the-Ree.*

There is one we would have with us before we talk further. We await him.

*Todd.*

Who is this that you await?

*Strike-the-Ree.*

He will come soon. Meantime, we wait.

(There is a moment of tense silence, the Indians standing to the right, the white men to the left, watching each other. Then Charles Picotte, accompanied by the sub-chief sent to find him, enters at right wing and joins the Indians. He is fashionably attired in civilized garments and wears a frock coat. He consults with the Indians, then advances to Todd and his party, who have discussed his appearance curiously.)

*Strike-the-Ree.*

This is E-ta-ke-cha, the man we have been waiting for.

*Todd.*

This is Charles Picotte, whom the white people much esteem. But why have you been waiting for him?

*Picotte.*

I am asked by my Yankton brothers to act as their counsel in the important matters which you have brought before them.

*Todd.*

By what authority can you represent the Yanktons, Mr. Picotte? Your father is a white man.

*Picotte.*

It is true that my father is Honore Picotte, the Saint Louis fur trader. But my mother is a Teton, my wife is a Yankton, and you are aware, Captain Todd, that General Harney recognized me as third chief of the Yanktons at Fort Randall, in 1856. Therefore, I have every right to represent them.

*Todd.*

Nevertheless, it is an entirely irregular proceeding, Mr. Picotte. I can only treat directly with the chiefs of the Yankton bands as a body.

*Smutty Bear.*

E-ta-ke-cha will speak for us. Otherwise we will not council.

*Todd.*

I regret that I cannot agree, Smutty Bear. Mr. Picotte, I shall have to ask you to withdraw.

*Picotte.*

Very well, Captain Todd.

(Picotte turns and goes off right. All the Indian chiefs follow him. As they approach the right wing exit, Todd calls after them.)

*Todd.*

Mr. Picotte!

(Picotte pauses, the chiefs doing likewise.)

*Todd.*

I will recognize you as counsel for the Yanktons. You may speak.

(Picotte and the chiefs return to the stage.)

*Picotte.*

It is the wisest course, Captain Todd. Very probably we can come to an agreement. What does the government offer for the Yankton lands?

*Todd.*

The government offers the sum of one million, six hundred thousand dollars for the lands, to be paid in certain annual installments over a period of fifty years. It will also set aside a reservation for the Yanktons of four hundred thousand acres on the Missouri River above Chouteau Creek.

*Smutty Bear.*

It is not enough for our beautiful country! I and my band will not sell at such a price.

*Strike-the-Ree.*

It is not wise, Smutty Bear, for the antelope to paw the earth when he faces the mountain lion. Let E-ta-ke-cha speak for us.

*Picotte.*

I think, my brothers, that it will be best for the Yanktons to accept the great father's offer. The white men draw so near that they will soon overrun our lands and hunt there, whether we will or no. Rather than lose them and receive nothing in return, is it not better to make a bargain which will give you food and clothing and a home and such teaching to our children that, at the end of fifty years, they will be able to care for themselves as the white men do?

*Strike-the-Ree.*

E-ta-ke-cha, you speak clear my own swift thoughts. Yet many a moon has run since first the Yanktons made here their Village at the End. To me, it is like looking upon the dead face of a loved child, thus to leave the homes of our fathers in my old age.

(The lesser chiefs gloomily signify their agreement with Strike-the-Ree.)

*Smutty Bear.*

I see not why we should. My heart breaks with grief and anger. But if it is the will of my people and the other chiefs of the Yanktons, I can but yield.

*Todd.*

(Producing a document.) Here is the treaty, ready written. Sign.

(Rencontre picks up an Indian drum, and Todd lays the treaty upon it. First Strike-the-Ree, then Smutty Bear sign by crosses, Todd guiding the pen for them. Then Picotte signs his own name, then the lesser chiefs by crosses, as before. Each Indian, after he has signed, draws his blanket over his head and slowly passes out by right wing.)

## SECOND EPISODE.

### SCENE 5.

Departure of the Yanktons From the Yankton Townsite

July 10, 1859.

### CHARACTERS IN SCENE 5.

MAJOR A. H. REDFIELD, first United States agent to the Yanktons.  
STRIKE-THE-REE.

Earliest Settlers of Yankton; Yankton Warriors, Women and Children.

(Major Redfield enters from the left. The Indians, including the chiefs, who have returned to the camp through the stage entrances, come down stage from their tepees and face him, silently.)

*Redfield.*

Yanktons, I am Major Redfield, the agent appointed for you by the great father. I have brought the Yanktons their first installment of annuity goods upon the steamboat, "Wayfarer," which now lies at the river bank. You must follow the boat up the Missouri to your new reservation and I will there distribute your goods and make for you a great feast. Come.

(Redfield goes out right wing. The Indians, with sounds of grief, strike their tepees and slowly, in straggling procession, follow him. As the last tepees are being struck, Strike-the-Ree comes down stage. As he begins to speak, the orchestra commences to play, very softly, Kreisler's "Indian Lament.")

*Strike-the-Ree.*

Oh, our loved land, farewell!  
 No more our eyes shall see  
 The Spring dance down the hillsides like a girl,  
 Robed all in green and plumed with nodding flowers.  
 No more shall Winter's snows  
 Sift softly down upon the sheltered camps,  
 Nor shall the young braves feel  
 The wild blood beat their veins  
 As lightly on their ponies' backs they fly  
 Behind the bison's thundering stampede.  
 Dear valley and dear village, fare you well,  
 And bluffs, upon whose wind-swept crests  
 Our fathers on their scaffolds lie asleep.  
 West, with their blankets drawn across their brows;  
 West, to the setting sun the Yanktons turn  
 And leave you to the white men's coming hosts.  
 Oh, there, far off beyond the evening star,  
 Where, wide and wild, the Happy Hunting Grounds  
 Outspread their prairies of eternal grass,  
 There may we find once more such joy of life  
 As we have known in our Dakota lands.

(Strike-the Ree draws his blanket over his head and follows his people. As he does so, the "Indian Lament" swells louder, continuing until the last Indian has disappeared by right wing exit. During their departure, Charles Picotte alone remains standing up center, watching them. As Strike-the-Ree leaves the stage, a party of white settlers enters left, ascends the steps and watches the Indians until they are gone. Picotte then joins them.)

*THIRD EPISODE.*

## SCENE 1.

## The Settlement of Yankton, 1859

## CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1.

*E-HANK-TON-WAN,*

JAMES B. S. TODD,

JOSEPH R. HANSON,

MOSES K. ARMSTRONG,

JOHN STANAGE,

DOWNER T. BRAMBLE,

THOMAS FRICK,

JOHN AREND,

ENOS STUTSMAN,

JAMES M. STONE,

GEORGE D. FISKE,

JEROME C. HOLMAN,

HENRY C. ASH,

MRS. HENRY C. ASH, } Founders of the Ash Hotel.

LOVELAND, a character of early days.

Dancers.

(The spirit of E-hank-ton wan appears in the mouth of the cave. The first settlers remain, as at end of the Second Episode, standing or sitting near the left stage steps, while she addresses them.)

*E-hank-ton-wan.*

Hail, vanguard of the hosts of day!  
 Hail, ye who lead the conquerors' way!  
 Here, in my still retreat,  
 The vagrant winds have borne to me,  
 Like thunders of a distant sea,  
 The marching of your feet.  
 Down vacant corridors of time  
 Since first, from the primaeval slime,  
 The earth's green robes were won,  
 My soul, in prescient vision knew,  
 At last, this land should welcome you,  
 Heirs of the ages gone.

Plains of the mighty, virgin West,  
 Plains in cold, sterile beauty drest,  
 Your time of fruit draws near!  
 Creatures of thicket, vale and shore,  
 Tribes of the hills, your reign is o'er;

The conqueror is here!  
The magic of his virile powers  
Shall change your desert wastes to bowers,  
Your nakedness to shade;  
Shall stretch broad, rustling ranks of corn  
Along your stony crests forlorn  
And wheat fields, dappling in the sun,  
Where your mad autumn fires have run.  
The trails your bison made  
Shall grow, beneath his hurrying feet,  
To highway broad and village street  
Along whose grassy sides shall sleep  
Meadows and orchards, fruited deep,  
Homesteads and schools and holy fanes  
To prove that all these fertile plains  
Are turned, by Gods eternal plan,  
To serve the onward march of man.

(As E-hank-ton-wan retires within her cave, a group of her attendants, the spirits of Opportunity, come in at the stage entrances and begin their dance down stage. The settlers observe them quietly, as if conscious of their presence only in imagination. As the dancers retire through stage exits, the settlers come to center of stage.)

*Hanson.*

Comrades, I have dreamed. It seemed that but now the presiding spirit of this place spoke, and bade us welcome. To us, young men, who, through danger and hardship, have come here to rear our homes, she spread a vision of opportunities beyond even our rosy dreams. Those visions will come true if we but stand together in loyalty, faith and honor in the building and guiding of Yankton, the coming city.

*Armstrong.*

That is a dream which we all feel reflected in our hearts. But, if it is to be realized, each one of us must set himself at once to the work which he knows and can best do. I am a surveyor. I shall establish myself here in that profession, to strike from the uncharted wilderness the metes and bounds of property.

*Stanager.*

I am a farmer. I have seen a quarter section of land on the Jim River not far below Stone's Ferry where I shall take a homestead, build a cabin for my family, and plant my crops.

*Bramble.*

Retail trade has been my business. I shall establish a store where the pioneers of this new town and country can secure the necessities and comforts of life.

*Frick.*

Like Stanage, I am a farmer. I, too, shall take a claim in the fertile valley of the Jim and plant my crops. There is a hollow up yonder north of the Military Road where the shoulder of the bluffs will break the winter blizzards and the summer rains will water the bottom fields. It is the place for me.

*Arend.*

I believe, with Frick and Stanage, in the Jim River valley. There I shall take land.

*Stutsman.*

Until law is established, civilization exists only within the will of the individual. I shall hang out my lawyer's shingle above the door of a log cabin, so that men may, at least, be reminded that the laws of the United States still exist among us, even though we are at present only an unorganized portion of the state of Minnesota.

*Todd.*

Well, boys, let's fall to and begin work. We will never have any town or any business except as we build them from the ground up. There is no help for us save by our own hands.

(Several of the settlers pass out through the stage exits and the ringing of axes is heard behind the scenes. Some immediately return carrying building logs and begin laying up a cabin wall.)

*Stutsman.*

With this cane I can't help in the work, so I'll boss. Hey, lay that log straight, there! Rive it off a little more on the edge.

(Loveland throws down his axe, picks up his stick with a bundle tied at one end and starts off right.)

*Frick.*

Where are you going, Loveland?

*Loveland.*

I'm sick of this country. There ain't no apples here. I'm goin' back to Misseyouri where I can raise freuit.

*Hanson.*

Fruit? The day will come, Loveland, when there will be as fine fruit raised around Yankton as in Missouri.

*Loveland.*

Don't believe it.

*Stanage.*

Well, good-bye and good luck, Loveland. This is no country for people who don't believe in its future, but a great place for those who do.

*Loveland.*

(*Going off through right wing exit.*) Stick to it if you want to. Missoeury for me.

*Armstrong.*

(*Mopping his brow.*) Wheew, but this is hot work! And the worst of it is, when we stop we must go and cook our own grub pile or else go hungry.

*Stone.*

I wish somebody would start a hotel.

(Mr. and Mrs. Ash enter at the left.)

*Bramble.*

I'm afraid a hotel is a luxury this village won't have for a long time.

*Ash.*

(*Coming down stage, followed by Mrs. Ash.*) Did I hear someone say "hotel?" I am Henry C. Ash. My wife and I have come to Yankton especially to start a hotel.

*All.*

Hooray!

*Mrs. Ash.*

I will begin serving meals at once, if you are hungry.

*All.*

(*Surrounding her.*) Hungry? Show us something to eat!

*Mrs. Ash.*

What do you want for dinner?

*Hanson.*

Anything, so long as it isn't straight potatoes and salt. I've been living on those for the last three months.

*Mrs. Ash.*

We've brought some corn meal with us.

*Todd.*

And there are plenty of fish in the Missouri.

*Ash.*

That's it! Catfish and corn bread will be the menu. This way for dinner!

(Exit right with Mrs. Ash.)

*All.*

(Following them.) Hurrah for the Hotel d'Ash and catfish and corn bread!

### THIRD EPISODE.

#### SCENE 2.

Arrival of Governor Jayne, June, 1861

#### CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

D. T. BRAMBLE

JOHN AREND

THOMAS FRICK

JOHN STANAGE

GEORGE PIKE, JR.

OBED FOOTE

J. R. HANSON

ENOS STUTSMAN

H. C. ASH

JAMES WITHERSPOON, a character of early days.

J. B. S. TODD

WILLIAM JAYNE, first Governor of Dakota Territory.

FRANK M. ZIEBACH

MISS EDGAR

MISS ANNA HOYT

MISS ELIZABETH HOYT

FOUR TERRITORIAL OFFICIALS

REV. MELANCTHON HOYT, Yankton's first minister.

Ladies.

(Arend, Frick and Stanage enter from left and ascend stage. Bramble enters at left stage entrance, the doorway of his store, and greets them. The other early settlers come in at different entrances as the scene proceeds.)

*Bramble.*

Good day, gentlemen. You've dropped into town at the right time.

*Frick.*

Why, what's going on?

*Bramble.*

We have just had news that Captain Todd, whom we delegated to go to Washington and appeal to Congress to grant us territorial government, will arrive home today. The boys are all coming in to find out what success he met with.

*Stanage.*

That is interesting, sure enough.

*Bramble.*

Yes. (To Arend.) Well, Henry, I haven't seen you for some time. How is the farm?

*Arend.*

Well, the farm is still there, but that's all. The shark tooth grasshoppers got all the crops I planted. If grasshoppers were good to eat, I could have got enough this summer to keep Yankton in meat all winter.

*Frick.*

You ought not to let little things like grasshoppers pester you, Henry. If you'd had a herd of buffalo trample down your wheat field, as I did, you'd know what it is to have trouble in big chunks.

*Stanage.*

You should do as I do, Tom; make the buffalo pay for their keep. I was up on the hills north of my place yesterday and shot two nice cows, so my family will have meat enough for a month. I've got skins to make buffalo coats for all of us, too.

(They mingle with the crowd as Foote and Pike come down stage.)

*Pike.*

How are you, Obed? Just get in from Sioux City?

*Foote.*

Yes. Traveled all night in a lumber wagon from Vermillion.

*Pike.*

How is Vermillion?

*Foote.*

Say, Vermillion is booming, I can tell you. I believe it's the best town in Dakota; why, there must be fifty people there. It's a city, that's what it is.

(They mingle with the crowd as Ash and Witherspoon, the latter with a bundle of clothes on a stick over his shoulder, meet down stage.)

*Ash.*

What's up, Jim? You look as if you are fixing for a journey.

*Witherspoon.*

I am.

*Ash.*

Where are you going?

*Witherspoon.*

Some of these smart alecks are trying to cheat me out of my rights in the Yankton townsite. I'm going to Washington to lay my case before the commissioner of the Land Office.

*Ash.*

You'll have to walk clear to Des Moines before you strike a railroad.

*Witherspoon.*

Railroad? I haven't any money to travel on a railroad. I'm going to walk to Washington and back again.

(Witherspoon goes off right wing, Ash looking after him in amazement. Todd enters hurriedly from left.)

*Bramble.*

(*Loudly*). Captain Todd! Here comes Captain Todd.

(The crowd shouts and gathers toward center of stage, several shaking Todd's hand as he reaches them.)

*Todd.*

Good news, gentlemen. I'm just from Washington.

*Bramble.*

Have we been granted territorial government?

*Todd.*

Yes.

*All.*

Hurrah!

*Todd.*

President Buchanan signed the bill organizing the territory of Dakota two days before he went out of office. President Lincoln, immediately after he came in, appointed Doctor William Jayne, of Springfield, Illinois, as governor. The governor and his staff of officials will be here directly.

*Ash.*

We must get the people together to welcome them.

(Ash goes out right stage exit. Ladies, and pioneers not yet on enter from various directions and move about stage.)

*Hanson.*

And what news of the southern rebellion, Todd?

(The orchestra softly plays strains from "John Brown's Body," and "Dixie.")

*Todd.*

Bad; very bad. Eleven states have seceded.

*Stanage.*

Do they mean business?

*Todd.*

I fear so. They are raising great armies. One of them threatens Washington. We out here on the frontier realize little of the intense excitement, the grave peril of the nation in the present crisis.

*Stutsman.*

But we can support the government loyally with what little strength we have. The Union must and shall be preserved!

*All.*

Amen to that!

(Governor Jayne and four officials, each of latter carrying a carpet bag, enter at the left.)

*Todd.*

Here comes the governor! (*The people crowd toward the center of the stage.*) People of Yankton and of Dakota Territory, three cheers for our new governor, William Jayne!

(The cheers are given.)

*Jayne.*

My fellow citizens and new found friends, I thank you. In honoring me you honor our President, Abraham Lincoln.

*A Voice.*

'Three cheers for President Lincoln and the Union!

(The cheers are given.)

*Jayne.*

I shall earnestly strive to give to the people of Dakota a wise and patriotic administration. My first duty will be to divide the territory into judicial and legislative districts and to call an election for the first legislature. The election will be held next September and the legislature will convene in March, 1862, at Yankton. I shall make this town my official residence until the legislature locates the capital here or elsewhere.

*All.*

Hurrah for the capital! Hurrah for Governor Jayne!

(Bramble and Ziebach come down center.)

*Bramble.*

Mr. Ziebach, this morning you asked me my price for that lot of mine on Third street, where you want to locate your newspaper office.

*Ziebach.*

Yes, sir. You offered it to me for ten dollars.

*Bramble.*

I did. You can readily see, however, that recent events have altered the value of real estate in Yankton. You are a new comer, so I want to be liberal with you. I offer you that lot now at the bargain price of one hundred dollars.

(Ziebach throws his hands in the air. He and Bramble mingle with crowd.)

*Todd.*

Governor Jayne, to give vent to their exuberance over your arrival and the advent of organized government in Dakota, the people of Yankton desire to have a dance and other entertainment for your delectation. Will your excellency be pleased to honor us with your presence?

*Jayne.*

With the greatest pleasure—upon one condition.

*Todd.*

Which is?

*Jayne.*

That I be presented to one of your charming young Dakota ladies, whom I may escort to the entertainment.

*Todd.*

That is simple. I will introduce you to one of our most attractive girls. (*He conducts Jayne to Miss Edgar.*) Miss Edgar, allow me to present to you, Governor Jayne. Governor Jayne, Miss Edgar.

*Miss Edgar.* . . .

I fear, your excellency, that after Springfield and Washington, you will find our efforts at social gaiety rather crude.

*Jayne.*

A man, Miss Edgar, must judge the social quality of a community by its women. Since I have met only you, I may truthfully say that thus far Yankton is superior to either Springfield or Washington.

(Chairs are brought and Miss Edgar and Jayne seat themselves, all others standing.)

*Ash.*

Yankton is young but it already boasts musical talent. You shall judge for yourself, Governor.

(A quartette composed of Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, Miss Anna Hoyt, M. K. Armstrong and J. R. Hanson, renders a medley of popular songs of the day, embracing "Belle Brandon," "John Brown's Body," "Oh, Susannah," "The Mocking Bird," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Lorena," "The Red, White and Blue.")

*Jayne.*

(*Amid the general applause.*) That is fine; fine! Captain Todd, will you present me to the young ladies of the quartette?

*Todd.*

(*Bringing them forward.*) Miss Anna Hoyt; Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, Governor Jayne. (*Calls forward the Rev. Melancthon Hoyt.*) Their father, the Reverend Melancthon Hoyt, rector of our Episcopalian church and the first Christian minister to locate in Yankton.

*Jayne.*

It augurs well for the future of art in Dakota that already it has developed such excellent musical talent.

*Ziebach.*

Will your excellency be pleased to join with us in a dance?

*Jayne.*

(To Miss Edgar.) If I may have the happiness... ?

*Miss Edgar.*

Your excellency honors me.

(They rise.)

*Ziebach.*

(To the crowd.) Governor Jayne and partner will lead a Virginia reel. Take your partners!

(The orchestra strikes up "Money Musk," and the sets form, Jayne and Miss Edgar leading in set down stage.)

### THIRD EPISODE.

#### SCENE 3.

The Yankton Stockade, September, 1862

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 3.

A MESSENGER from Minnesota

GOVERNOR WILLIAM JAYNE

FRANK M. ZIEBACH, Captain of the Militia

HENRY BRADLEY, a refugee settler

B. F. BARGE, Orderly Sergeant of the Militia

FIRST TERRITORIAL OFFICIAL

SECOND TERRITORIAL OFFICIAL

THIRD TERRITORIAL OFFICIAL

FOURTH TERRITORIAL OFFICIAL

A SENTRY

JOHN STANAGE

NELSON MINER, Captain, Company A, Dakota Volunteer Cavalry

CHARLES PICOTTE

NEWTON EDMUNDS, Corporal of the Militia

GEORGE W. KINGSBURY, Corporal of the Militia

ENOS STUTSMAN

JOHN LA FEVRE ("OLD DAKOTA")

MISS EDGAR, "The Girl of the Yankton Stockade."

A SKULKER

STRIKE-THE-REE

Settlers, Frontiersmen, Soldiers of the Dakota Cavalry, Women and Children.

(In the midst of the dance, a soldier, travel-stained and breathless,

rushes in from the left and upon the stage. The music stops abruptly and the crowd stands aghast.)

*Messenger.*

The governor! Quick! The governor!

*Jayne.*

(Stepping forward.) I am the governor. What is it?

*Messenger.*

The whole Sioux nation has gone on the warpath. The Minnesota frontiers have been swept clean. A thousand settlers are massacred.

*All.*

Massacred!

*Messenger.*

Acton, Redwood Falls and a dozen other towns are in ruins. Dakota—Yankton—will come next. To arms!

(There are confusion and cries of alarm in the crowd.)

*Jayne.*

If this is true, we must instantly protect the town. Who is competent to lead the defense?

*A Voice.*

Let Frank Ziebach organize a company.

*All.*

Ziebach! Ziebach!

(Ziebach comes down stage.)

*Ziebach.*

Arm yourselves, men, with whatever weapons you have. Then fall in line here.

(The men rush out of stage exits and return with a variety of firearms. They form a rough line across the center of the stage. Meantime, refugees, men, women and children, straggle in from the left with bundles of household goods. They are exhausted and frightened. Among them is Henry Bradley.)

*Bradley.*

(Down stage.) We have abandoned everything in the Jim River Valley; left our cabins and household goods and growing

crops. Will we be safe here, or should we go to Sioux City?

*Ziebach.*

You will be safe here. Behind this stockade we should be able to repulse any attack the Indians can make. (*He turns to his men.*) Orderly Sergeant Barge, mount a suitable guard around the stockade.

(Sergeant Barge makes a detail of six men from the right of the line.)

*Barge.*

Guard detail, right face. Forward, march.

(He marches them down right steps to right balcony, where he posts one man, proceeding thence along the base of the back wall and posting one man at each entrance, the last one in the left balcony. Meantime the women and children gather up the center of the stage and the main action proceeds.)

*First Territorial Official.*

(Coming down stage, followed by the other three officials.)

Are you perfectly positive, Captain, that you can hold this place against the Indians?

*Ziebach.*

Why, certainly not positive, sir. But I have little doubt of it if all our men stick to their posts.

*Official.*

But if they do not?

*Ziebach.*

(*Shrugging his shoulders.*) If they do not, the Dakota frontier will probably become as the Minnesota frontier is now.

*Official.*

(*Picking up his carpet bag.*) I remember that I was to meet a man the day after tomorrow in Sioux City on very important business. I must be going. (*He goes off right wing exit.*)

*Second Official.*

(*Same business.*) My poor, dear grandmother is sick in Ohio. I must go instantly to her bedside. (*He follows the first official.*)

*Third Official.*

(*Same business.*) The instincts of patriotism impel me irresistably to draw my sword against the rebels in Virginia. Goodbye. (*He follows the second official.*)

*Fourth Official.*

(*Same business.*) This frontier life is too crude and uninspiring for me. I return to the intellectual atmosphere of Philadelphia. (*He follows the third official.*)

(Stanage enters at left.)

*Sentry.*

(*In left balcony.*) Halt! Who comes there?

*Stanage.*

A friend; John Stanage.

*Sentry.*

Advance, friend, and be recognized. (*Stanage advances to foot of balcony.*) Pass, John.

(Stanage goes down stage.)

*Ziebach.*

Ah, John Stanage. What news, John?

*Stanage.*

I am just in from Jim River. A party of hostiles attacked my place at sunrise this morning and ran off my stock. They attacked Greenway at the ferry house, too.

*Ziebach.*

Um! They are coming close. (*Turns to his men.*) Corporal Kingsbury, occupy the blockhouse with three men.

*Kingsbury.*

Yes, sir.

(Kingsbury with three men goes up in centre balcony.)

*Sentry.*

(*In left balcony.*) Captain Ziebach, there are horsemen coming up the stage road.

*Ziebach.*

Indians?

*Sentry.*

No, sir; soldiers.

(Captain Nelson Miner, followed by a detachment of cavalrymen of Company A, Dakota Cavalry, enters at left. The crowd cheers. Miner and Ziebach exchange salutes, then shake hands.)

*Ziebach.*

You and your men are most welcome, Captain Miner. Have you seen any enemy?

*Miner.*

We just had a skirmish with a small war party at the Norwegian Lakes, twelve miles east. We drove them into the slough grass south of the lakes.

*Picotte.*

(*Rushing in from the left, regardless of the sentry's challenge.*) Indians! Indians!

(Consternation and cries in the crowd.)

*Ziebach.*

How many? Where from?

*Picotte.*

Hundreds of them. They have fired the prairie around Stutsman's claim cabin, north of town.

The women groan and huddle together, excepting Miss Edgar, who stands to the right, alone and quite calm.)

*Ziebach.*

Take your posts, men. (*The men scatter to the several exits and balconies.*) Corporal Edmunds, hold that sally-port. (*Indicating right stage exit.*) Don't let the enemy get through there at any cost.

*Edmunds.*

We will hold it, sir, as long as any of us are alive.

(He goes to right stage exit with two men.)

*Stutsman.*

(Going to left stage exit and rolling a barrel in front of it.)

I can't move around very lively, so I'll stay right behind this barrel till my bullets are used up or I get killed.

*Old Dakota.*

(Running from left wing exit to left stage exit and peering over Stutsman's head.)

I'm a-feared him Injins won't come! I'm a-fear'd him Injins won't come!

(Shots and shouts are heard off rear. The women groan and cry out. A man runs from the right wing exit and crouches beside the women, dropping his gun. Miss Edgar draws her revolver and, walking to the skulker, points it in his face.)

*Miss Edgar.*

Go back to your duty, with the men! Go back, or you'll never see another sunrise! Do you think, because only the women are here, you can skulk behind our skirts? Stand up. (*He obeys.*) Take your gun. (*He does so.*) About, face. (*He obeys.*) Now, don't look around till you're back in your place. (*He goes back to the right stage exit, she following him to the top of the steps with pointed revolver.*)

(A fusilade of shots is heard off rear, accompanied by shouts and war whoops. Some Indians, running and shooting, appear in the distance off the wings and through the entrances. The women fall on their knees in prayer. The men along the wall fire, and answer the Indian war whoops with cheers. The Indians disappear, the war whoops recede and there is a sudden silence. Corporal Edmunds and his men step back in surprise from the right stage entrance. Strike-the-Ree, his blanket over his head, enters there and advances with slow, firm tread to the center of the stage. the orchestra playing a strain from "The Indian Lament." The crowd shrinks away from him.)

*Strike-the-Ree.*

(*Dropping his blanket to his feet.*) How, koda.

*Ziebach.*

(*Doubtfully.*) How! How!

*Strike-the-Ree.*

White men, near sixty summers ago my brothers, Lewis and Clark, wrapped me, a baby, in the flag of stripes and stars and made me a true American. As the stars of that flag, I am steadfast. Today, a ghost out of the dead past, I return. I come to tell you that the hostile Sioux have sought our aid in vain. You may go back to your cabins and your friends, fearing nothing. The Yanktons stand, a ridge of rock, between you and danger. White brothers, fare you well.

(With cries of gratitude and thanksgiving, the crowd surges around Strike-the-Ree. But he draws his blanket over his head and slowly goes off through the right stage exit, the orchestra playing a strain from "The Indian Lament." The soldiers leave their posts and the crowd disperses through the several exits.)

*THIRD EPISODE.*

SCENE 4.

The Coming of the Railroad, 1873

## CHARACTERS IN SCENE 4.

CHARLES EISEMAN, a Yankton merchant

CAPTAIN MARTIN COULSON, a steamboat master

C. T. CAMPBELL, a Bon Homme County ranchman

CHARLES G. WICKER, Manager of the Dakota Southern Railroad

(Eiseman enters from the left, Coulson from the right wing. They meet down stage.)

*Eiseman.*

Good afternoon, Captain Coulson. I didn't know you were in town.

*Coulson.*

I just arrived with the steamer "Nellie Peck," downward bound from Fort Benton.

*Eiseman.*

What kind of a trip?

*Coulson.*

Bad. A few hundred bales of buffalo hides and some discharged soldiers from Fort Buford and Fort Rice.

*Eiseman.*

That's rather poor picking for a boat of the Coulson Packet Company, Mart.

*Coulson.*

It is. The Northern Pacific Railroad will soon reach the Missouri north of Fort Rice, and it will cut into the steamboat traffic.

*Eiseman.*

I suppose so. And now you have to contend against the same difficulty here at Yankton, since the completion of the Dakota Southern last winter.

(Campbell, in cowboy attire, enters at the left.)

*Eiseman.*

Here comes General Campbell.

*Coulson.*

Yes. He's a cattle man, isn't he?

*Eiseman.*

He is. (*Greets Campbell.*) How are you, General? What brings you to Yankton?

*Campbell.*

I came down to your confounded town with four hundred steers from the range. And here I find myself in an infernally nasty fix.

*Eiseman.*

What's wrong?

*Campbell.*

Why, I just have a telegram from Sioux City that the cattle market has jumped sky high.

*Coulson.*

I should think that would be just what you would like.

*Campbell.*

It would be if I could get my cattle there in time to take advantage of the blasted market. But if I drive them down in less than a week, they'll lose all their flesh. And if I don't get them there within the next day or two, the market will probably go off again.

*Coulson.*

Tell you what I'll do. I'm taking the "Nellie Peck" to Sioux City and she's running so light this trip she can jump the sand-bars. I'll knock up stock pens on the lower deck and take some of your cattle and get them to Sioux City day after tomorrow.

*Campbell.*

By Jupiter, that sounds good to me! How many can you take?

*Coulson.*

Let me see. Oh, a hundred head.

(Wicker enters at the left and approaches stage.)

*Campbell.*

Uh? Lord, that's not many! But it'll be better to get the top on a hundred than on none.

*Eiseman.*

General, here comes Charlie Wicker, manager of the Dakota Southern Railroad. Perhaps he'll have something to say to you.

*Wicker.*

(Arriving down stage.) What's wanted, Charlie?

*Campbell.*

Could your railroad get some cattle into Sioux City for me in a hurry, Mr. Wicker?

*Wicker.*

Certainly. How many?

*Campbell.*

Four hundred.

*Wicker.*

I can telegraph down at once for stock cars, have them here this evening, load the cattle and get them all into Sioux City for you tomorrow noon.

*Campbell.*

By heaven, that's talking! That's what I like to hear! Order your cars, Mr. Wicker.

*Coulson.*

But what about my boat? I can give you a lower freight rate on a hundred head.

*Campbell.*

What of it? The difference in freight is mighty little compared with what I'll make by getting my critters in for the high market. Much obliged, Captain, but I'll have to patronize the railroad.

(*Campbell* and *Wicker* exit right together.)

*Eiseman.*

You see, Mart. As I told you, the railroads will kill the steam-boat traffic.

*Coulson.*

Yes, I suppose it's true. We'll soon have to go out of the business. (*As they go off left.*) But there are still a few prosperous years left for the boats, plying up to the army posts and the Montana settlements, before the railroads reach them.

### THIRD EPISODE.

#### SCENE 5.

Sacred Heart Academy and Hospital, 1884--1896

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 5.

RT. REV. MARTIN MARTY, Vicar Apostolic of Dakota Territory

FATHER HAMMEL, a Roman Catholic priest

SISTER FLAVIA, a Benedictine nun

Benedictine nuns.

(Right Reverend Martin Marty and Father Hammell, in priestly robes, enter at left wing and pass slowly up the steps to stage.)

*Father Hammel.*

You are pensive today, monseigneur.

*Mgr. Marty.*

My thoughts are troubled. For many years I wandered the Dakota prairies, ministering to the spiritual needs of the Indians. At length I established here, on the great bluff which guards Yankton on the West, a school where the boys of the red race might receive Christian education. I have devoted other years to its upbuilding.

*Father Hammell.*

But why should the recollection of so noble a work give rise to troubled thoughts?

*Mgr. Marty.*

It is not the recollection of the work itself which troubles me. It is the lack of results. Our school is not doing the good it once did.

*Father Hammell.*

Perhaps it is too far from the great reservations. The Indian youths are attending other schools which have been established nearer to their homes.

*Mgr. Marty.*

Yes. But, since that is true, the Sacred Heart Academy must have outlived its usefulness. Its functions will have to be changed.

*Father Hammell.*

But to what new purpose?

*Mgr. Marty.*

That I cannot say. I feel that it will not rest in my hands. I have grown old and weary with the labors of a long life. I must charge those who will come after me with the duty of seeing that the institution which I have established shall continue to serve humanity in some useful way.

(Mgr. Marty slowly departs by the right stage exit, accompanied to the doorway by Father Hammell, who then, musing, returns to center. Sister Flavia, in the garb of a Benedictine nun, followed by three other sisters of the same Order, enters at left wing. Sister Flavia meets Father Hammell down stage.)

*Sr. Flavia.*

Your reverence, this great Western country is fast filling with people. They are a strong people. But, as everywhere, illness or accident must sometimes befall them. In all this region there is no institution where they can receive proper care in such times of misfortune.

*Father Hammell.*

That is very true. It is a sore need which should be filled.

*Sr. Flavia.*

The territory of Dakota has built here at Yankton a splendidly equipped asylum for its insane. It is now the desire of the Order of the Benedictine Nuns to take over the property of the Sacred Heart Academy and convert it to the uses of a hospital.

*Father Hammell.*

That is a project which, I am sure, would have met with the hearty approval of Bishop Marty. Such a hospital must prove a wonderful boon to the people of this entire country today.

*Sr. Flavia*

I feel not only that to be true, but that it should grow with the years into one of the great hospitals of America, an enduring blessing to the people of the Northwest and a source of pride to Yankton.

(The Sisters sing stanzas of "O Salutoris" and "Tantum Ergo." All leave the stage through the right wing exit.)

### THIRD EPISODE.

#### SCENE 6.

## The Founding of Yankton College, 1881

### CHARACTERS IN SCENE 6.

DR. JOSEPH WARD, founder of Yankton College

PROF. WILLIAM M. BRISTOLL

MRS. ROSA O. BRISTOLL

WILLIAM P. DEWEY, JR.

EDWARD D. DISBROW

EDGAR M. HAND

JENNIE D. KETCHUM

LENA McGLUMPHY

Children of the Yankton public schools.

EDWARD D. DISBROW  
EDGAR M. HAND  
JENNIE D. KETCHUM  
LENA McGLUMPHY  
} first students of Yankton College.

(A corner stone, representing the corner stone of the original college building, is set at the center of the stage. Dr. Ward, Prof. and Mrs. Bristoll and the five original students, enter at the left stage entrance and group themselves about the corner stone.)

*Dr. Ward.*

Today, by the act of laying the corner stone of this first building of Yankton College, we are bringing visibly into being the first institution of higher learning, not merely of Dakota Territory, but of the whole upper Missouri Valley.

"We have asked you here today to witness that we pledge, as some have had to pledge before, 'our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor,' that this institution today established shall be carried on to the end of all that can be accomplished by human faith

and human works, resting on and working under the blessing of God. We trust this college may be like a city set upon a hill, whose light and warmth shall reach to all around. We hope it may be like a high watch tower, from which may be gained so wide an outlook over the land that wise plans for the good of the commonweal may be made here that shall help to shape our state to the honoring of God and the bettering of man.

"It is not often that history can be detected in the act of doing her work. She moves so silently that her greatest deeds are not suspected of their greatness until they stand in the long perspective of time that is past. But today we can see her in the very act and article of her high work. Yet even this deed of today will take on more of beauty and power as the years go by. We shall live long enough to look back with gladness and pride to this day. These children will see its worth more than we. Children not yet born will tell the story of this corner stone and draw from it lessons for the encouragement of those to come after them—for we cling fast to the thought that this institution is to endure as long as the hill shall last and the river run."

(At the conclusion of Dr. Ward's address a procession of school children of the Yankton public schools enters at the left and, passing across the stage, goes out at the right stage exit, each child, as he passes the corner stone, depositing upon it a flower, as was done at the laying of the corner stone of Middle College, June 15, 1882. While the children are passing, a choir behind the scenes sings the college hymn, "Christ for the World," and the bell in the tower of Middle College rings in rhythm with the music.)

#### FINALE.

#### THE ULTIMATE CITY.

(As the music ceases, the spirit of E-hank-ton-wan appears in the middle balcony. She addresses the group of college faculty and students.)

##### *E-hank-ton-wan.*

Ye men of virile, strong-souled breed,  
Of vision, will and power,  
You bring E-hank-ton-wan at last  
Her long-dreamed triumph hour.

Not vain the formless centuries  
Whose lapping tides have rolled  
The layered garner of their years  
Deep oe'r my prairie mold,

For out of dust the flowers are sprung;  
Temples from rocks are cast;  
God builds, by hands of godlike men,  
The future from the past.

(E-hank-ton-wan addresses her words to the audience and the college faculty and students slowly retire through the stage exits.)

To you I gave my glades and glens,  
Wide meads and rustling trees,  
My silken canopies of sky,  
The perfume of my breeze.

I gave you more; a virgin world,  
Plastic and smooth and still,  
That from it you, like gods, might carve  
The sculptures of your will.

Brave is your promise, big with hope  
Of all the years shall bring,  
As in the acorn slumbering lies  
The future forest king.

Here, in the heart of freedom's home,  
You, for your city's dower,  
Hold wealth that many a nation lacks  
To gird its throne with power.

Send forth your plows! This teeming soil  
Must yield more bounteous bread  
That here a hundred mouths be filled  
Where one today is fed.

Across the dun Missouri fling  
The bridge span, leaping free,  
Whereon the wealth of northern fields  
Shall seek the southern sea.

Wall back the river's wasting flood  
Between its cloven hills,  
And bid the bitted waters be  
The strength of whirring mills.

Strike deep the pick! Your very bluffs  
Are wrought of magic clay  
To rear a thousand towering Romes  
Time cannot sweep away.

But, greater than these gifts of earth,  
Whose gain is labor's toll,  
Cherish your nobler heritage  
Begotten of the soul;

Your shrines of love to brother men  
 In mind or body ill,  
 Your fount whence wisdom's waters flow  
 And all may drink who will.

Ready to guide and guard your course,  
 Here, at your side, behold,  
 Ranked like the angel host of Mons,  
 Your mighty men of old;

They who bequeathed you mastery  
 Of glebe and glen and wave,  
 The loins of strength, the brain of power,—  
 These are my city's brave!

(Strike-the-Ree enters at right stage entrance and slowly advances down right center of stage. As Strike-the-Ree enters, the remaining Indians of the cast, divided in two equal groups, enter at right and left wings in slow procession, mount the wing balconies and group themselves there and on the steps leading thereto. As the other typical characters, at E-hank-ton-wan's summons, successively appear upon the stage, their contemporaries of the period in which they appeared in the pageant enter at the right and left wings in equally divided groups and arrange themselves in front of the wing balconies until, with the entrance of Dr. Ward, the entire cast is assembled upon the scene.)

Stalks with your step a dusky shade,  
 Sprung of the prairie sward;  
 Lord of the wilderness, yet of whom  
 The wilderness was lord;

(Pierre Durion, Sr., enters at left stage and advances down left center.)

And he, the careless, gallant Gaul,  
 The future's architrave,  
 Who flung dawn's beacon down the West,—  
 These are my city's brave!

(Capt. Meriwether Lewis enters at right stage entrance and advances down right center.)

Here, the explorer, striding on,  
 At jest with death and pain,  
 To strip the close-gripped cloak of fear  
 From torrent, peak and plain.

(Capt. J. B. S. Todd enters at left stage entrance and advances down left center.)

The trader, too, of log-built fort  
 And nomad camp, who gave  
 An empire's commerce to the world,—  
 These are my city's brave!

(Bishop Martin Marty enters at right stage entrance and advances down right center.)

Here paces he, the meek-browed priest,  
The valiant ranks between,  
Who bowed the warrior's haughty knee  
Before the Nazarene;

(John Stange enters at left stage entrance and advances down left center.)

The hardy husbandman, whose hand  
Made the waste places bloom,

(Capt. Nelson Miner enters at right stage entrance and advances down right center.)

The soldier, warding with his life  
The threat of savage doom;

(Governor William Jayne enters at left stage entrance and advances down left center.)

The statesman, curbing force with law,

(Dr. Joseph Ward enters at right stage entrance and advances down right center.)

And he who dared to crave  
For brotherhood no law need curb,—  
These are my city's brave!

These are my city's guides and guards;  
Press on! Ye dare not fail!  
They bid you bear her destiny.  
To heights not theirs to scale;

To give their "Village at the End"  
The glory of its name  
And make the "City Ultimate"  
The crown of Yankton's fame!

(Led by the orchestra, the entire cast unites in singing: THE HYMN OF YANKTON, the Ultimate City.)

[Air: Yorkshire.]

Fair mother of Dakota, at whose feet  
The rolling river and the prairies meet,  
Before thy throne thy loyal children raise  
To thee, their song of fealty and praise;  
Of all their hopes that down the future gleam,  
Thou, Yankton, art the substance and the dream.

## THE PAGEANT OF YANKTON

Thy shining spires and roofs were lifted here  
 By sturdy Puritan and Cavalier,  
 Beside whom toiled, with skilful, eager hands,  
 Thy foster sons, new come from alien lands.  
 They builded with their lives a proud estate  
 For us, their heritors, to make more great.

(All kneel, with upraised arms and faces turned toward the front of the stage.)

Oh, mother beauteous, as we bend the knee  
 And pledge renewed allegiance unto thee,  
 Our hearts in gratitude are raised to God  
 Beneath whose grace we hold thy fruitful sod.  
 May He vouchsafe us, of our faults refined,  
 To make thee, Yankton, blest of humankind!

(All rise, followed by the orchestra, and the audience and the entire assemblage unites in singing:

## AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty—  
 Of thee I sing:  
 Land where my fathers died;  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride;  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee—  
 Land of the noble free—  
 Thy name I love:  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills;  
 Like that above.

Our fathers' God! To thee—  
 Author of liberty —  
 To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light—  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our king!

THE PAGEANT ENDS.

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